

The  
West  
Saxon



Summer Term,  
1931.

# WESSEX.

The Annual Magazine published by University College, Southampton, designed to serve as a rallying point for the forces working to create a University of Wessex, and also to provide an annual review of intellectual affairs for the district of Wessex.

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# The West Saxon.

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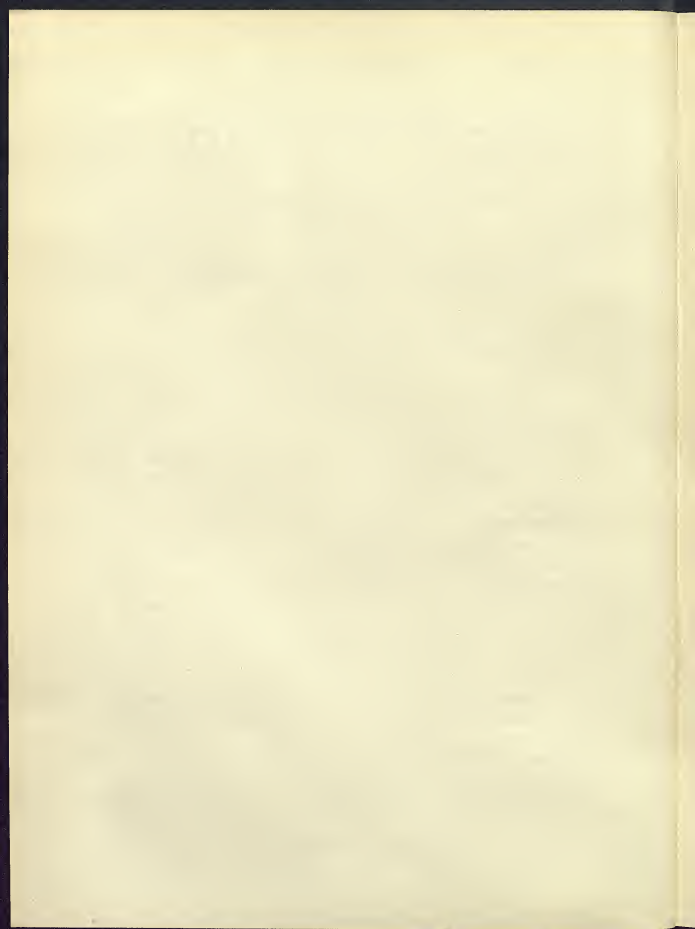
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*With the compliments  
of the Ed. Sta.*

# The West Saxon.

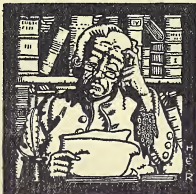
Editor : E. F. NORMAN, B.A.

Sub-Editor : MARION MARSHALL, B.A.

Secretary : E. S. EAST.

*The Editor is not responsible for any views expressed or suggested in the "West Saxon."*

## EDITORIAL.



IN our efforts to be original and to differ from our predecessors we had intended to write this editorial in verse, and we are not sure whether you have yet entirely escaped that much maligned vehicle of thought. We were definitely encouraged to carry out our intention on discovering the following passage in one of the obscurer essays of Charles Lamb :

“ Poetry serves to revive and animate the dead calm of poor and idle lives, and to allay and divert the violent passions and perturbations of the greatest and busiest.”

Had we but sufficient faith in our Muse, and could we convince ourself that it is one of the functions of poetry to animate the dead calm in idle lives, we should hesitate no longer, but lisp on in numbers. Yet the fervid perusal of such cynics as Noel Coward and Ethel Mannin has fortunately left us in a somewhat sceptical frame of mind, and when we contemplate the idle lives around us that our efforts must aspire to animate, and when we consider the quantity and quality of the verse we should have to produce to effect so stupendous a transformation, we may be forgiven for expressing scepticism concerning the power of poetry, especially ours, to accomplish a labour of such alarming magnitude. The second part of our quotation, however, with its assertion that poetry can allay and divert the violent passions, is a temptation too strong for us to ignore, for the violence of righteous indignation evoked by printer's errors which mysteriously and unhappily appeared in our last issue, must needs be soothingly allayed, and should the attempt fail we can at least divert the attendant odium towards Elia and his recipe, and in the shadow of his wing cover our defenceless head; for however unsubstantial a protection he affords, the purpose will be served—when the sword of Damocles falls it will be our successor who gets it in the neck.

Now enter in, O Muse, essay your skill  
To allay the perturbations of ill-will.  
“ To err is human, to forgive divine,”  
Take courage in the assertion of this line,  
For in our last attempt, be it confessed,  
Our frail humanity was much expressed—  
Reports, accounts unending, scribbled close,

## THE WEST SAXON.

Forgive us if we but saw things in gross,  
And incidentally that's how we fail  
Being much too gross to see them in detail ;  
No proffered ignominious excuse,  
Apology may shield us from abuse,  
The fault confessed obliterate its stain,  
The like offence will not appear again.  
We trust sincerely you find consolation  
In this—for females like exaggeration.  
Phoebe complained, we, naturally distressed,  
Unwilling then to let the matter rest,  
Have satisfied ourself and her, maybe,  
How she may emulate divinity.

Still here another accusation rings  
Like rising bells and telephones and things  
In ever-open editorial cars.  
Our last misguided effort it appears,  
Said Nothing. Sir ! the accusation's serious  
And critically held as deleterious,  
But none the less we think it rather clever  
To talk whilst saying nothing whatsoever.  
If we acquire some grace forget propriety  
Say nothing carefully with due variety  
Assured is our success in elegant society.  
We've said it once in prose can we do more  
Than say the same again this time in verse ?  
You see, the outcome of this sheer futility  
This waste of concentrated sane virility  
Is, heedless of the critiques of the sages  
At least we've managed to fill up two pages.  
Why shouldn't we to use up some more paper  
Let our exuberant spirits cut a caper ?  
Did not the effort tend to weary us  
We really would try to be serious.  
And so we should lie—heavens, it is time  
That verse, the vehicle of the true sublime  
Was spared the treatment trite and scandalous  
With which our unkind critics handle us.

Would we were not so ignorant, immature,  
So inexperienced, undeveloped, pure,  
With yet a taste unformed and scarce so nice  
As those fastidious critics' shrewd advice,  
Then our successor would we counsel straight,  
“ Consent no longer, sir, to emulate  
Those predecessors who in former years,  
Moved Heaven and Earth and Hades with their tears,  
But not their fellows in the slightest particle  
To offer unprovoked a single article.  
The college is responsible, not you,  
For that which you exhibit to its view  
Within these pages. Therefore courage take ;

## EDITORIAL.

Receive, correct, arrange, some order make ;  
Approve, condemn, or praise, but to do more  
Is not within your province, Editor."  
Experience teaches more than others who  
Protesting loud their knowledge e'er can do.  
Perhaps, who knows, a future age may see  
Our editor reposing languidly.  
In his palatial office while his staff  
(Here you may pause and condescend to laugh)  
Does all his work for him. The inky scribes  
Will willingly endure his scathing gibes ;  
It is an honour to be chosen hacks on  
The most illustrious staff of *The West Saxon*.  
The interest seething round each publication,  
The gaping awe, ungrudging admiration,  
The name, the fame, the blame, the notoriety,  
The editor the lion of society ! ! . . .  
Crash ! that was only just a chunk of rock  
That gave the present editor a shock ;  
His towering castles clearly grew too tall ;  
However, he's uninjured by the fall.  
Could but the noise be heard, the debris seen  
—If just to advertise the magazine—  
Spectators would behold the ghost arise  
Of murdered Poetry with staring eyes  
Aghast that any could have been so base  
Thus to propound his and her own disgrace ;  
While she, a spirit with indignant mien,  
Surveys the smoking ruin of the scene ;  
Then sad, resigned to fate, anon she glides  
To Charon and the Styx's seething tides ;  
And as upon its tossing waves she's rocked  
Sternly resolves not to be further shocked,  
For, since such treatment, need she now rebuke  
If she finds Orpheus strumming on a uke ?



S.D.B.

SO THIS IS HAMPSTEAD.

An answer to "Hampstead: a Satire in the Augustan Manner," which appeared anonymously in the last edition of *The West Saxon*.

- So this is Hampstead! as you choose to think  
That Hampstead should appear in printer's ink.  
You live in Hampstead nearly half the year;  
Can it be superficial, dull and drear?
- 5 You find it so, and by the way you spoke  
You seem to scorn the very worthy folk  
Who lend you all your joys, the petty fears  
Which occupy your shortening span of years.  
They live with vigour, earn their living too,
- 10 They love more ardently perhaps than you,  
And though you say you find that nothing nice is  
There, you know they have their faults and vices.  
Suppose that Rome and Florence whore again,  
Do you suppose that Hampstead will refrain?
- 15 Rachael with eyebrows plucked sails forth to buy  
Her underwear of silk; need I ask why?  
And why pretend you think it a disgrace  
When villas occupy the flowers' place?  
Great England's wealthy millions sure must dwell
- 20 Somewhere while on the primrose path to Hell.  
You write your satire in presumptuous hope  
That some will find a likeness there to Pope;  
Some aspects of it 'twould be very rude  
To underestimate with "Fairly Good":
- 25 You know what you would say, and make your point  
That more and more "the times are out of joint";  
I might continue thus: O wretched spite,  
That even you were born to sit and write.  
For though you've written as a brilliant man,
- 30 I wish you'd make the first attempt to scan!  
I am not learned, Sir; you know a lot;  
(As many fools have gathered from your plot)  
Fair nature offered services as nurse  
And guide to me, through better and through worse,
- 35 To help my theme to settle into verse.  
And so in humble words I dare to show  
That there are parts of Hampstead you don't seem to know.  
Perhaps you've never strolled across the Heath  
At sunset-time. The shadows underneath
- 40 The hawthorn bushes deepen into black  
And stretch mysteriously across the track,  
While up the hillside steep the glimmering light  
Is vanishing before th' approach of Night.  
Far in the South a deeper shadow lies

SO THIS IS HAMPSTEAD.

- 45 Watching and brooding 'neath the starry skies.  
There other stars and glittering lights appear ;  
The throbbing heart of England is so near  
That one may sense its life and bustle where  
Deep peace and quietness pervade the air.
- 50 And in the morning, when the rain is done,  
The slate-grey roofs shine silver in the sun.  
Or have you never seen the Vale of Health  
When London's youth lays waste its hard-earned wealth  
On Easter Monday or at Whitsuntide ?
- 55 Then Harry takes his Harriet for a ride  
On shrieking roundabouts, with tender pride,  
And asks her then and there to be his bride ;  
He tries his skill at hoop-la, wins a ring,  
And puts it on her finger while they swing.
- 60 Care has been cast aside ; they, gaily dressed,  
Are sure of what they want, and leave the rest  
To those who cannot, in this obvious way,  
Forget their troubles when the sun is gay.  
Here life is eager, sensitive and true,
- 65 And everything is sweet enough to do ;  
Yet must you say that nothing there is good  
As any tame suburban critic would.

B. B.



THE GOWN.

IF I should pip, think only this of me,  
That there's some corner of a far-off town  
That holds employment yet. There still shall be  
A fond remembrance of an ancient gown  
That once I wore, well soiled and torn in twain,  
Till nought but cardboard and a shred or two  
Of black was left, and these shall bring again  
Faint recollections of the friends I knew.

And think this gown, that now is torn in gores,  
A relic of my College days, no less,  
Brings back to me the joys in Hartley found,  
The pleasant chats in draughty corridors,  
And coffee in Refec., and happiness  
In playing bridge, the red-topped tables round.

J. D.

## A FEW WORDS ON "HIKING."

IT is the fashion of the day to hike. Now while the conjugation of this verb of mushroom growth may give professors of English language some doubts and misgivings, and while the uneducated may have some difficulty in finding a passive voice, the reason is clear. Hiking is never a "passivity," but always an activity. Nevertheless, the poor hiker with raw shoulders and blistered feet might deny this and say that hiking is all a matter of suffering.

Hiking is not so new an activity as many believe. It never has been new to those who do it; and it will always be strange to those who do not. Only those who know its hardships can appreciate the joy it gives. Is there any activity which brings with it the blessed feeling of tiredness after a long tramp through beautiful country, when the tent is pitched, the fire going, and the well earned meal only a few moments ahead!

What can those know of the full life of the open air who tramp lightly laden from town to town or pub to pub, and sleep within four walls each night? If one tries to analyse these two forms of activity, both termed hiking (the latter erroneously I think), surely one can only say that the glorious independence of the one with its strong undercurrent of self-disciplining effort, is far and away to be preferred to the "shilling per night in a hostel" type.

I set out to write down a few practical suggestions, but I have dawdled on the way. Without pushing the analogy too far, the hiker resembles the snail which carries all with it; a tent, a groundsheet, a ruck-sack to hold sleeping kit, cooking gear and food, and a good stout thumb-stick. All this for one man or two. But still experience teaches the hiker not to carry four ounces if two will suffice. The tent may only be of the bivouac type, in fact just a shelter, not a breakfast room, dining room and lounge complete. Any "Scouting" catalogue, or that of the Camping Club, will show the many types now available. Even hikers do not despise the cider-down, which when made up in the form of a sleeping bag, is lighter and more beneficial than blankets. The cooking gear is just a "billy" and frying-pan, handleless for packing; again consult camping lists for the various types; the "Gelwell" cooker can be recommended. The ground-sheet is of great importance, guaranteed soundness is essential for any camp use: the type which is also a cape has much to be said for it, particularly if it is of the light-weight variety. The U.C.S. crew will bear witness to the fact that under the shelter of a scout hat and enveloped in a cape ground-sheet, ample justice can be done to much new bread, good butter and hard boiled eggs by the roadside, no matter how hard it rains.

Camping sites for odd nights are not usually difficult to secure. Farmers are kind folk, unless they have been bitten by bad campers. A "good turn" before leaving will often secure a pitch for the next comer.

May I wind up this chatter on another note? While hiking is not an activity exclusively confined to the Scout Movement as founded by the Chief Scout, it remains the culminating test for the scout before he passes out as 1st Class. Others outside the Movement might learn from this, that good hiking, with all its attendant operations in campcraft and woodcraft, can only come after years of training and practice. Much harm can be done by the novice. The fellow who leaves tins unburied, or paper littered around, or even traces of his fire, deserves to be buried with his own rubbish.

Lastly, while there is nothing so enjoyable in the way of holidays as a hike with a good companion, one must always be on the alert to guard against the tendency for hiking to become a mere selfish, purposeless, spending of time. A minute's reflection on the great number of youths and boys who would be the better for your company and training in camp life, will suffice to cause some at least to help others along the road of Rovering to Success.

P. R. B.

SIESTA.

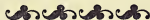
**B**ASKING  
in the hot yellow afternoon  
Tib, the cat, lay :  
long, lazy views  
before his eyes  
of sempiternal lights and stews  
and scaly fish,—his richest prize.

Asking  
Was this dream to end so soon,  
end with the day ?  
Or—dreadful thought—  
all come to nought,  
mocking those red dreams of his  
bleeding with food and villainies ?

Slowly,  
Slowly lifted blood-red lids,  
trembling with sleep.  
Misted with dream,  
his eyes peer round  
grey grass, grey trees and walls they seem,  
grey stones and gravel on the ground.

Wholly  
remote from these, the spirit bids  
Tybalt to keep  
this hour for her  
like a fiesta.  
Idly smoothing sun-drowned fur,  
the cat continues his siesta.

C. A. S.



S-MM- W-RD.

“Sweet Ruth, and could you go with me  
My helpmate in the woods to be.”—*Wordsworth*.

MR. S--T-N.

“What was he doing, the Great God Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river.”—*Browning*.

THE VANDALS AT BASSETT.

“ . . . our trees so hackt above the ground,  
That where their lofty tops their neighbouring countries crown'd,  
Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and naked stand,  
As for revenge to heaven each held a withered hand.”

—*Michael Drayton, “Polyolbion.”*

## ACHIMOTA COLLEGE, ACCRA.

A MOST interesting visit was paid to South Stoneham House, on Wednesday, June 17th, by the Rev. Alec Fraser, founder of the famous Achimota College, Accra, Gold Coast Colony, and formerly Principal of Trinity College, Kandy, Ceylon. Those who have read the book entitled "Aggrey of Africa" will know how great a work on behalf of native education from the kindergarten to the University stage is being carried on at Achimota, and it is largely due to the wonderful combination of a Scotchman's enthusiasm with a native African's loyalty that this big experiment has become so famous.

Mr. Fraser shewed us a large number of photographs, illustrating the splendid position and extensive range of the buildings occupied by the College, and he shewed that the College had passed from the stage of being completely subordinate to the Colonial Government to the stage of possessing an independent Charter with complete autonomy, and above all, a guaranteed revenue from the State of nearly £70,000 a year.

He thrilled his audience at South Stoneham House with his analysis of the many fine and loveable qualities of West African natives, their great capacity for self-sacrifice, their loyalty and intelligence, their humour and their humanity. He amused us with many racy stories and gave us instances of the way in which reckless native drivers of lorries when on the point of an imminent collision with a European driver, will, without hesitation, themselves drive over a precipice and go to certain death rather than that the white man should be the victim of the collision.

He also told us the story of the African native beauty who came shyly to him one day to say she had something on her conscience. "What is it, my child?" said Alec Fraser. "Oh, Padre, I must confess that someone has kissed me!" "How many times, my child?" he asked. Then came her brilliant reply, "Padre, I have come to confess, not to boast!"

Mr. Fraser came to South Stoneham for a variety of purposes, amongst others to secure the services of Miss Appleyard as lecturer in craft-work at the School and Training College of Achimota. It was interesting also to learn that the College is "growing" a chapel; not building one but *growing* it, because it will consist of a beautiful nave, the "walls" of which will be magnificent acacia trees with royal palms interspersed. We were all very much impressed with the enthusiasm and joy of Mr. Alec Fraser, whose natural force is not abated nor his eye dimmed although he is drawing near the end of his active career. His visit to South Stoneham House stands out as one of the most notable of a very eventful session.

ALBERT A. COCK.

---

It has been a pleasure at South Stoneham House during the current term to have the company of members of the Halls Committee from time to time at dinner, and so we have been able to welcome the Principal and Mrs. Vickers, Miss Chamberlayne, Mrs. Haley, Mrs. Bailiff, Mrs. Burnett, Mr. Alan Lubbock, Mr. F. L. Freeman and Mrs. Freeman, the Head Master of Portsmouth Grammar School and Mrs. Barton, the Administrative Secretary and the Honourable Mrs. J. A. Browne, and others.

It has been a great pleasure to feel that the members of the Halls Committee are interested in our own domestic life and to believe that they in their part have enjoyed their visits, and particularly have enjoyed the musical fare provided by many of the number.

ALBERT A. COCK.



STARS, CEASE YOUR WEAVING. . . .

MISTY-CROWNED stars of love  
Wreathed with the essence of night  
Breathing a spirit divine,  
Filling the heavens with light  
From your pale, pale gleaming faces;  
Ye who are throned high above  
On the seats of the gods, with their wine  
Dashed to the ground and their goblets broken in fragments,  
Ye whom the frore night embraces,  
Stars, you are weaving  
Cloths past believing!

Tapestries dearer than gold,  
Handiwork richer than any,  
Worked by your slender hands,  
—How rich the cloths and many  
From your pale, pale gleaming fingers!  
Dearer than any I hold  
The patterns you trace with your hands,  
But oh! if you broke the patterns  
and covered your eyes  
—Ah! even now the pain lingers—  
Stars, that are weaving  
Cloths past believing,  
Stars, cease your weaving!

CASCA.



THE RUGGER XV THIS TERM.

“Oh let the hours be short  
Till fields and blows and groans applaud our sport.”

—*Shakespeare, “Henry IV.”*

REFEC., 11 P.M.

“I am heinously unprovided.”—*Shakespeare, “Henry IV.”*

FIRST DAY AT S.S.H.

“Come bring your luggage nobly on your back.”—*Shakespeare, “Henry IV.”*

MR. AND-RS-N.

“I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glide.”—*Tennyson.*

## SCENIC—OR TRICKLE BY TRICKLE.

IT has been suggested that in the course of pottering around in the Scenery hut at odd times during the last two years, I may have acquired a few ideas which would be of use in the future to the Stage Society and to the Choral and Orchestral Society of this college. I do not claim the privilege of talking down, neither would I be so foolish as to hope to deal with my subject comprehensively in such a few words as these must necessarily be. This by way of apology and dedication.

Authorities tell us that scenery must always be accessory to the acting. Granted, but in the past, there has been a tendency to regard scenery as bearing the same relation to an amateur production as serviettes to the preparation for a picnic—a little refinement to be popped into the basket as an afterthought if circumstances permit.

Scenic possibilities should receive consideration in the choosing of a play, and someone keen on designing and painting the scenery should be given as free a hand and as generous an allowance of funds as possible in good time before production.

First, the scene painter, the stage manager and the producer should agree upon a stage plan, e.g. positions of windows and exits, amount and positions of essential furniture and number of scene changes. The scene painter is now in a position to evolve his designs, remembering (a) that expense and bulk must be kept down (b) that ease of scene-changing is essential to the smooth running of a production. The stage carpenters will usually be able to estimate expense, and the stage manager to state whether a suggested set is practicable from his point of view. I would here stress the importance of the artist's making every effort at the outset to acquaint the producer with his scheme in detail. Even though the producer says he understands the description, he should be given sketches so that no possible doubt remains. All this may seem rather unnecessary and may be in some cases, but the discovery some hours before the dress rehearsal, that the producer's idea of the set is entirely different from the artist's design, leads to heated argument and last-minute rush. This applies more particularly to the production of opera. A producer who can drill a large chorus extremely well, and at the same time visualise pictorial effects and tableaux, is the exception rather than the rule. The former quality is essential, absence of the latter calls for additional effort from the artist in explanations which would otherwise be needless. The carpenters may order the wood. The secretary may order the calico. But when stage fabrics, such as curtain velours, are wanted, no one is as well qualified to do the shopping as the artist himself. I would suggest, therefore, that he should order all other materials as well, that the order for wood be made out on the advice of the carpenters, but despatched by the artist personally, and the goods sent to him.

There are a few points to be borne in mind in designing scenery for the stage at College. A back-cloth of landscape or seascape should have a horizon about four feet from the bottom of the cloth. This may vary within certain limits, but if the horizon is painted too low an appearance of a downhill slope of land behind the stage will be produced. Furthermore, if an outside view of a near building is to be painted, foliage borders should be used instead of sky borders. The ludicrous effect of sky borders in cutting off the upper floors of a house was apparent in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," when lack of time forbade the painting of "Dorothy Perkins" borders to match the wings. An alternative for a garden or foreign street scene is the striped awning effect used in "The Gondoliers" last term. Window backings for daylight scenes should be painted in very light tones, as there must be more light outside the window than in the room. The materials used for scenery are: unbleached calico as wide as obtainable, stitched where necessary and tacked on to battens or frames, or screwed to split rollers, size and whitening, and distemper powder colours, ultramarine, yellow ochre, light red,

## SCENIC—OR TRICKLE BY TRICKLE.

vandyke brown, scarlet, green, and a bright yellow, and lamp black. All these are quite cheap and are sold by weight. Half a pound of each of the first two colours, and a quarter of a pound of the others are convenient for making a start. Size is sold in packets with the directions thereon. The scenes should first be primed by painting with size to which whitening has been added. Time may be saved by adding ultramarine to the priming, to give the principal tone of the sky. Clouds should be added later, as a cloudless sky is difficult to light. Some people may prefer to enlarge the design on to the cloth by the squaring process, sketching the picture with charcoal. Personally I have found it easier to begin with large dabs of colour, shaping them afterwards. Act II of "The Pirates of Penzance" was done this way, with no previous drawing whatever. A reducing glass (plano-concave or double-concave) is useful for surveying the work in a confined space. All colours are made by mixing the powders with hot water and a little size. Buckets, syrup tins and jam-pots are convenient for this purpose. Whitening added to a colour thickens it and does not appreciably alter the tone while wet, but the colour will dry considerably lighter. Light and shade are important and should be emphasised. For sunlight on trees in middle distance, one side of the tree should be outlined broadly with yellow ochre, the other side with purple, (light red and ultramarine mixed). For distance in a landscape, trees and a church spire should be silhouetted in strong clear blue. Further instructions regarding the use of colour are only likely to confuse and make the task appear more difficult. It is not so difficult as it sounds, as mistakes can be painted out with thick whitewash. The artist should aim at correct relations of light and shade, of tone value rather than faithfulness of colour matching. For moonlight, let greens predominate, but otherwise paint as for daylight but with stronger shadows.

I would urge upon producers and stage carpenters the artist's need for their support. They should do all in their power to help him, not by getting in his way and asking "What's that going to be?" but by listening to his suggestions and carrying them out where possible. The first act of "The Pirates of Penzance" was spoilt pictorially, because no one would undertake to make jagged edges for the rock wings. Consequently, four vertical straight edges chopped what would have been a complete scene into a group of five strips.

In conclusion, I would thank all those who have assisted me in this branch of Union activity, and I wish all success to the Stage Society and to the Choral and Orchestral Society of this College for the future.

BRETT.

### THOUGHTS IN SOLITUDE.

GOD'S gone away, and reason takes His place,  
The mechanism holds us in its sway,  
All is accounted for in time and space,  
Past, present, future—fixed; and when the day  
Breaks in its beauty, showing us the light,  
The sun, our substance, even is the slave,  
Minion of dire laws, caught up in the might  
Of an immutable volition. Have  
We to submit, and our own path to tread  
Set by our comprehension? See! the sun,  
Setting, has shot his rays of golden red,  
A soft delicious night; the day is gone.  
Listen! the wind is moaning in the tree,  
I think that God is coming back to me.

M. J. GLENN.

FRAGMENT FROM A TALE.

**I**N the depths of the shadowy vale large loom  
Men, houses, trees,  
And, shaking in the breeze,  
Gaunt, earthbound arms shake leafy fists  
Like giants striding through the mists  
To keep their long-appointed trysts,  
And, in the dark, great staring eyes  
Peep between trees when the moon's at rise,  
And gaze with blank unseeing look  
At the tree-top haunts of the crying rook.  
Now night's abroad on black-quilled wings,  
The nightingale from tree's depth sings :  
The tale of her moan is never done  
But ends a while with the rising sun . . .  
A faëry spirit sings, and thro'  
The dim-lit woods her fellows strew  
With purple flowers, an echo stirs :  
A voice replies that is not hers,  
That every sad refrain returns.  
The night is dark and the wood burns  
With glowworm lamps along the ground . . .

. . . The branches part, the lantern sheds  
A whirling circle ; greens and reds  
Make emerald shades upon the leaves,  
Incarnadine the path ; it weaves  
A coloured pattern on the grass  
And smoke-rings on the lantern glass . . .  
. . . And now the sad wind soughs  
A dirge around the oak  
And now it stirs his heavy cloak  
Who walks abroad at such an hour.  
The dim lamp flickers, the dark clouds lour,  
One pale gleam lights the wood,  
As the wind is swirling round his hood,  
Now fast as the eddying pools in the stream,  
Now soft as the scent-laden breezes that dream  
'Mid the apple-trees, kissing their blossoming lips  
And brushing softly the soft tips  
Of flowers, blooming for a day,  
That Time, at night, will put away.  
The dim lamp flickers and faints and dies,  
Then flares again. The starry skies  
Had blown their glimmering starlights out,  
Had put their cloudy hands about  
The guttering candles we call stars. . . .

C. A. S.

## THE EMPRESS OF BRITAIN

THE art (or science?) of shipbuilding has made truly prodigious strides recently. The hackneyed expression "a floating hotel" is now out of date. Science and art have combined with engineering to make the *Empress of Britain* a small but beautiful floating town.

Owing to the courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, members of the Geographical Society were given an opportunity of visiting the liner before she made her maiden voyage. Although most of the party had inspected other liners at various times, no one was quite prepared for such luxuries as this vessel provided.

The many public rooms are furnished in various styles. The most ultra-modern of modernists would probably find the smoking-room quite bizarre enough for his tastes. The drawing-rooms, writing-rooms, dining-halls, etc., are all furnished and decorated in widely differing and distinctive styles, and there is something to appeal to almost everybody. The cardroom was so enticing that it seems probable that any card-sharpers on board will find plenty of victims.

Male members of the party lingered long in the cocktail bar. The attraction here lay in the mural decorations, carried out personally by Mr. Heath Robinson. The figures are so grotesque that they make people feel unsteady on their legs, even when the ship is in port. Heaven help the passengers when the boat rolls and the cocktails take effect!

Although the men had to be hurried away from this room, the women had simply to be dragged out of the beauty parlour. The fearsome-looking machines looked like instruments of torture, and made one realise how much a woman has to endure before she is "beautiful."

The *Empress of Britain* is probably unique in the facilities she offers for sport. She possesses the only full-sized tennis-court to be found on any liner. The adjoining café, by the way, is rather more comfortable than *refec!* Besides the usual deck games, there is a five-court available for passengers. In the gymnasiums the energetic can row, ride a bucking-horse or a racing-cycle, or be pummelled by many and various weird machines. The gymnasium for the second-class passengers is fitted out in exactly the same way as that provided for the first class.

The swimming-bath (containing 120 tons of water!), and the adjoining shower-baths and dressing-rooms, are almost the last word in luxury. The lighting under the water gives the bath a wonderful effect. Two members of the party had to be violently restrained from diving in, the water looked so alluring.

Even children are well provided for on the boat. Two rooms, full of strange gadgets such as squeaking-chairs, windmills, wigwams and what-nots, are set aside for the very young.

To describe the vessel fully would require more space than is available. The party was shown over most of the boat. Although the second and third class accommodation is not as elaborate as the first-class, it is nevertheless surprisingly comfortable.

When next they are crossing the Atlantic, readers are strongly advised to travel by the *Empress of Britain*. She is undoubtedly the most luxurious liner at present afloat.

C. R. P. D.

## CANTERBURY: AN IMPRESSION ON A JUNE AFTERNOON.

BY "PILGRIM."

DANTE sought in vain for peace throughout Italy's tumultuous kingdoms. He might have traced it successfully to Canterbury unless the years have blotted out the scars of the middle ages, leaving only weather-beaten lines like folded smiles on an old and happy face.

To visit Canterbury on a June afternoon is to have a unique experience. Entering from London by the West gate, the High Street captivates the imagination with a pleasing diversity of old and new. The Weavers' cottages might have stepped out of a Flemish street in the days of the Hanseatic League, as they sit admiring their reflection in the limpid waters of the Stour which almost enhances the beauty of their window-boxes, full of geraniums and lobelia. Inside, under the gables, are little dark, low rooms where patient fingers have learnt to create beauty since the coming of the Walloon silk-weavers in the fifteenth century.

The cathedral, approached by the Christ Church gate, is a jewel set in daisy-flecked lawns. Flowers bloom gloriously and in unchecked profusion in the sweet, slumbering gardens of the precincts; flowers riot over the lovely, broken cloisters of the vanished abbey, united by a common brotherhood of beauty; the scent of stocks and roses is heavy on the air, and the limes drip sweetness, hymned by the ever-murmuring bees. On the east side a bastion in the wall has been repaired and fitted up as a War Memorial and in front blossoms the Memorial garden. But Canterbury has seen few changes, and the flowers are still putting their heads together in perplexity over the renovated stonework.

In the midst of unpretentious and essentially English beauty, the principal cathedral of England has pointed skyward with unshakable tranquillity for centuries. Inside the sunshine is filtered through the oldest stained-glass in the world, and the air strikes cold. But there remains no echo of Canterbury's one deed of blood. It is impossible to visualise the flash of swords, drawn against the determined and courageous prelate, as he stood at the altar. The shades of Chaucer's Pilgrims are raised more easily as they flock round the tomb of the iron-willed archbishop whose death brought wealth and sanctity to his cathedral. On ground dedicated to Christ by St. Augustine in the sixth century, the years have added and replaced till stone from Caen mingles pleasantly with Purbeck marble, French and English hands united in raising a perfect whole, "to the greater glory of God." It is impossible to do justice to the great cathedral of Christ Church in an afternoon, but even a brief glimpse shows an unforgettable picture.

Down a narrow street, through an uncompromising door, there is another garden, and another branch of the Stour flows imperceptibly between masses of valerian. In this, the poorest quarter of the town, the Franciscans established their first colony in England. The little house which remains stands bridge-like over the stream, and the friars did their fishing from a trap-door in the kitchen floor. A typewritten copy of a letter from "the little poor man of Assisi" hangs on the wall of an upper room, but it lacks atmosphere and fails to convince. Outside, the gentle spirit of St. Francis moves among the flowers and birds with quiet approbation; doubtless the site would have been acceptable to him.

There is no jarring note in Canterbury, no incongruity; no clash of old and new.

## CANTERBURY: AN IMPRESSION ON A JUNE AFTERNOON.

A sweet content emanates from the mellowed walls which have learnt to regard mankind indulgently through a thousand years of experience.

In the *Apple Cart*, Bernard Shaw speaks of the cathedrals of England as "the country houses of God." The phrase is aptly suited to Christ Church and to the little town which clusters within sound of its bells like peasants' cottages round the feudal castle. The twentieth century sweeps by and Canterbury looks on with tender philosophy, lapped in peace.

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### PHRYNE.

HERE Phryne walked,  
these trees,  
these grasses and these pools,  
these birds,  
these streamlets and these rocks,  
these bees  
that suck the honey  
and steal the pollen,  
all these have seen her,  
and yet not I.

Here Phryne sat  
and these,  
these rock-pools and these sedges,  
these gulls,  
these runnels in the sand,  
these seas  
that murmured near her,  
and lapped her feet  
all these have seen her,  
and yet not I.

### PAN.



A communication has been received from the Editor of "The New Statesman and Nation," announcing his intention to publish a University supplement in the Autumn, and offering in this connection four prizes of ten guineas each for contributions. Those interested may obtain further particulars on application to the Editorial Staff of "The West Saxon."—ED.

ED. NOTE.—We suppose that the new men's hall, which is to be opened in October, will be in need of a motto and therefore suggest that all who are interested should submit possible mottoes to our successor at the beginning of next term. We offer a prize of a free copy of *The West Saxon* for one year to the person whose effort is selected as the motto for the new hall.

## DE STUDENTIUM NATURA.

THE fact that a university contains a variety of differing personalities is obvious, so obvious indeed that, much as with the platitude, its truth is often unnoticed.

When a student first comes up, and here I speak of the average student, he has just discarded the larval skin of the secondary school. Metamorphosis may or may not be complete. He is, very possibly, the only member of the family to aspire to the university. The cause of this aspiration may be sought in two or three channels. The necessary stimulus might have been supplied by an accumulation of those disappointing documents—examination certificates, the superficial appearance of which is inversely proportional to the real value of the examination represented. Then again, parental fondness is often blind to what may fairly be called mental vacuity in the favoured offspring. Of this last channel we have proof. Finally, the person concerned might have a yearning after the fruits of scholarship—a creditable, and it is to be hoped, not too rare an occurrence.

Then begins the real adventure. How is the half-formed vessel going to appear after it has left the hands of the many and various potters? University life is said to "bring you out." People speak glibly enough of this bringing out. Everyone is aware of it. Only those "brought out" understand it. He or she must indeed be the "Great Unimpressonable" whose even tenure is not to some extent jolted by a university existence. Yet do we not see such unimpressonables around us? Insidy people who wander jejunely through an academic course, their apparent aim being to creep into a safe niche in order to while away a void existence? Then, again, there is another and a less jarring variety. There are those who, although to some extent seem unimpressonable are really only reserved, or may perhaps be a little rustic. Such is the material which in bulk can choke a virile community. The whole may bubble with bonhomie; this will be chiefly due to a lack of anything else with which to bubble.

The development of personality, which is the aim of education or more truthfully is education itself, is a process going on in the intelligent being under favourable circumstances. Two or three years of university life see an acceleration of this development often to such a degree that former compatibilities become incompatible; earlier associations, connected now with obsolete ideas, are severed. This is the cause of the curious bewilderment and indignation of the grocer whose son makes less of a pecuniary success of life after the university, than does one of his shop hands at grocery.

New sensations continually rush in upon the receptive mind during an academic course. There is time for self-analysis. Religion early receives a share in the new considerations. Conventional religious pageantry becomes an irksome mockery, and is often for a time dethroned, although no successor has been discovered or even sought. There may be a love affair, perhaps with a touch of the physical. This, at the susceptible age is havoc making. If balance is obtained and the mental disturbance survived, there steals a nameless sweetness into life, rendered the more vivid as it is tinged with a kind of sadness, having in it the seed of a new hope.

There is a bluster and a superficiality about university life, by which the university is identified as such. This surface dressing serves two purposes. It supplies the shallower folk with all they need, or fancy they need, in order to enjoy, or apparently to enjoy, a barren existence: but it also forms an anchor for the introspective. Its constancy can be relied upon, however irrationally, never to fluctuate. Much in the same way did the kicking of the stone reassure Dr. Johnson of the objectiveness of things in spite of its inability to disprove the philosophy of Bishop Berkeley.

In conclusion, out of all this there arises but one certainty. It is that the ultimate



## DE STUDENTIUM NATURA.

product of the university life is indeterminate. The end seldom agrees at all closely with the initial aim, and this fluctuation is regarded by the casual observer as a sign of decadence, as a flaw in the system. We are provided with discreet personalities. This is a fortunate device rendering us independent of each other. It is not as some seem to aver a mechanism which, when availed of, qualifies the owner for entrance to a lunatic asylum.

M. J. GLENN.



### PER ARDUA . . . THIS ROWING PROBLEM.

**M**ANY people find it difficult to account for the existence of the sport known as rowing; it appears to be a joyless occupation: merely a form of galley-slavery, for even the victims themselves do not appear to enjoy it. As in every activity there is anticipation and realisation—the “needle” before the race and then the race itself; it has been said that it is difficult to determine which of these two is the more unpleasant.

The tortures of the needle are more easily experienced than described, so we will take up the tale of the oarsmen's woes at a point immediately before the start of a race. The victims' anguish reaches its climax with the echoes of the solemn words, hideously distorted by passage through a megaphone, of the starter from the bank; “I shall say twice, ‘Are you ready? Are you ready?’ and on receiving no reply I shall say ‘Row!’” The position of the two boats is adjusted; bow and two give her a stroke, and then, searing through consciousness, burn the words of the formula, “Are you ready! Are you ready! . . . Row!!!” Consciousness from a pitch of acutest awareness plunges into a realm of chaotic and dim sentence . . . a rushing of water, the rattle and strain of the oars to the first frantic strokes, a feeling that his knees are turning to water and later a dim awareness of his movements and the tearing of the oar through the water. Then the hateful voice of the cox screams forth, “Now give her ten! Wa-un l, two-o l three-ee!” . . . and so up a crescendo of pain and rending agony.

Soon after this period he discovers where the other crew is; if they are behind, then his sufferings are lightened a little, but if they are ahead then he tastes all the sad tortures of the seventh hell.

I cannot endure the recital (nor probably—for other reasons—will the reader) of the whole course of the race—how the faculties become dimmed with pain and the muscles, bones and viscera seem to dissolve in exhaustion; till all the pangs of hell become real, the cries of the damned being supplied by the cox, until finally, like the suicide, his troubles are ended with a pistol shot from the bank. Then the frantic brain no longer urges the shrinking body to its task and a gasping wreck is left crumpled over the oar.

May I be permitted to remark that here we have a psychological paradox, for only pleasurable actions tend to be repeated, and here we have one fraught with the deepest pain and yet often repeated by the oarsman (or organism perhaps I ought to say). Where shall we find a parallel?

I hesitate to make a comparison with the gentlemen confined in a public institution, who was in the habit of stroking his head with a hammer for the sake of the pleasant relief which followed the cessation of this operation. Perhaps rather we must seek a parallel in the flagellations of the monks of old, who delighted in lashing the body in a fierce desire to mortify the flesh. I tentatively advance the hypothesis that since the time that Henry VIII forbade people to become monks, another outlet had to be found for this tendency. In modern times potential novices seek solace by taking up this sport.

H. R. COOK.

## VALE.

E. F. NORMAN.

"And of his port as meek as is a mayde." "Trolley is a charming, tall, handsome brunette. It's a pity he comes from Gosport; in other respects he's perfect, except that he's going to Eastleigh. As captain of soccer, he takes a keen interest in cricket, and has maintained a high average in wickets and goals. Other interests he has, and the unusual accomplishment of blushing right down to his collar for sheer modesty. The Soirée Committee was graced by his membership, and he has been known to dance. His chief claim to fame is that he censors all contributions to the mag. (hence small chance for this) and wears attractive sock-wear.

We shall not lose "Trolley" altogether, for Eastleigh is not so far away, but we do hope the air of Eastleigh will not make him pompous and fat!

MISS BETTY WICKS.

Betty is our vice-president, but that alone would not shield her from our gentle satire, if it were not that the sweetness of her nature, the charm of her personality and the elegance of her summer outfit prevented us. This season she captained the women's hockey, and the season before last she showed a personal interest in soccer. She was a keen tennis player, and a "frightfully" good and attractive heroine in the Stage Society's productions. Betty's pet aversion is German, which however sounds less barbarous and cacophonous than in the mouths of the male members of the German class. Betty has had a very successful year as vice-president, in which her qualities of good sense and quiet dignity have been most marked. Among her many duties may be recorded the endowment of the cot in South Hants Hospital, and taking care of the Principal on Sports Day.

Betty has had a quiet but powerful influence on the College, and we wish her all the best for the future.

MR. W. V. SMITH.

Victor is a man of very varied accomplishments. As a singer he knows no equal. A prophet is without honour in his own country, hence Victor immigrated from Bath, where it is understood people sing. I wonder why singers (and others) do not realise that 7.30 a.m. is not the time for a master effort at A natural, at least not in Stoneham. He is a very capable canteen manager, and has reduced the art of supplying men's needs in soap, stationery and "pop" to a fine degree of proficiency. He has lately added the profession, trade or calling of dairyman to his pursuits. Victor played rugger, and I have heard it rumoured, cricket. He was the warden's ostiarius, and knew how to wangle week-ends.

Victor has other interests in Bath, hence we cannot understand why he is going to London. He is a familiar figure in Stoneham, and will no doubt leave a considerable draught behind him.

MR. E. G. PALMER.

"Eggie" is our president, and a man of long standing in the College. It is reckoned by a rough computation that he has walked over 2,000 miles on his way to and from College. Eggie is seventy-four inches tall, and usually gets up very late. He has a very pleasing and cheerful face, and looks unusually sweet in rowing shorts and vest; it is not, however, true that he occupies two men's places in the boat. He has told us lately that we are bi-sexual, and also that the relation of the sexes in the College is not what it should be. Eggie is a member of the Stoneham House Committee, so he sits on the High

## VALE.

Table, drinks all the coffee and eats all the toast. His tie-wear is usually unique and arresting. In both physical height and mental depth, Eggie possessed the natural qualities for a figure-head, and he has had a most successful year of office. In leaving we wish Eggie all the best.

### S. J. SLUCE.

He comes upon you in the corridor, with a fine flourish and some strange outlandish greeting. His appearance is untidy, his manner care-free. I know no one who can turn a prettier compliment, maintain so easy a flow of badinage, or utter more devastating sarcasm. At times he assumes a quaint courtliness of manner and with this he has often delighted us on the stage (for he was our best actor for four years). He passes his leisure in sailing or rambling. He started a Rambling Club and therein he found a wife. He has read much in the by-ways of literature, but I suspect that he is not so conversant with the beaten paths. Had he been born with a silver spoon he would have been the perfect dilettante.

### ALAN L. BARNETT.

After three years as an inmate of Stoneham, Alan is leaving to go back to the more (?) inclement weather of Manchester. He made a name in this abode of rest as a singer, actor, rugger player, dancer, soldier and (but not least) chauffeur. As the first, he added charm to the Sophomores by a winning smile. In the production of the "Dover Road," we might venture to think he found his true vocation. His playing of the "man's game" was marred by knee weakness, but we must admit that the rôle of a wounded hero fitted him well. Strange were the inconsistencies of his body, for the knee which failed him on the sports field, was never known to perform the same function on the dancing floor, even though he entered both arenas on the same day.

As chairman of the Rag Committee, he showed his worth as a car driver, but his practice in this capacity did not end there. In addition to these activities, he played tennis, but a peculiar relation between the standard of his tennis and the spectators was noticeable. Alas, he had one great aversion, but work is an enemy to most of us.

At College he could usually be found in the Refectory, at Stoneham in the bathroom—our deductions we would not venture to publish. But we lose him with the greatest regret, for in spite of failings, shortcomings and infirmities, he was very like "Bass."

### B. W. CANNING.

"Bert" is, of all our departing friends the most affable, the most complacent and the most benign. He breathes all round a patronising influence. He has had a most curious career. He was born quite young, went to school and finally emigrated to Southampton. He was for a time a disturbing element on the top corridor, and the Warden still remembers "ships that pass in the night." "Bert" took English for his degree, not because it was his native language, but because it sounded cultured. He was par excellence the "hail-fellow-well-met," and his favourite saying was, "Mine's a ——" "Bert" took a leading part in the Stage Society's productions, as a villain he was natural and impressive. For a term he seemed to be running the College, but nothing happened when he left to go to Christ's. "Bert" played at soccer, and he tried tennis, and his dramatic pose never left him at his sport. He gave his opinions on the most trite and trivial matters with the pompousness and gravity of a High Court judge, and affected an irritating kind of absentmindedness. Yet, in spite of his peculiarities, "Bert" has a warm place in our affections, and we hope to see lots more of him.

## THE WEST SAXON.

FRANK N. B. BEVIS

"Frankie" is a well-known member of the College and Stoncham. As captain of the Men's Hockey he showed a personal interest in the Women's team. As minute-secretary of the S.C. he had a most humorous habit of leaving the minutes at Stoncham, and of discovering this fact just two minutes before a meeting. He contracted the secretaryship of the Stoncham House Committee, and was raised to the peerage on the High Table. His half-legible scrawl now vies with the Warden's on the notice board. "Frankie" is a master of art, and his Roman capitals are the envy of all coming graduates. "Frankie" is really very coy, but in certain company he is most expansive. He has been a very efficient member of the A.U., and it was during his period of office as grounds secretary that the pavilion was opened. We shall be sorry to lose L/Cp. Bevis from the Territorials, but we wish him the best of luck, though we would add the reminder, "When in London, don't do as London does."

E. L. T. THACKERAY.

"Thack" was born at an early age in 1911, and having played with oil and windmills from the age of two, decided to be an engineer. Lives at Shirley, and has never recovered from this mishap. Is the recognised U.C.S. "Ideal Spectator." He is a well-known figure in his capacity as a "Refec. Lizard," but in spite of appearances has been known to do much work in things like Rags and Rowing. In a boat he is imperturbable and has a secret idea he does all the pulling. He is also capable of hurling a baby cannon ball further than most people, by a combination of brute force and the other thing. As an engineer he is known to his lecturers only because he has been here so long. Truly, on his going down a noticeable vacuum will be created.



### ON THE PASSING OF THE RAG.

WHEN I have seen by builder's hand replaced  
By wooden doors familiar notice boards;  
When sometimes Physics Blocks I see upraised  
And Common Rooms o'errun with fresher hordes;

When I have seen the hungry students gain  
Advantage on potato-pies galore,  
And the Town Council win of Woodmill Lane,  
Increasing store with loss and loss with store;

When I have seen a Rag Committee's fate,  
And all their stunts confounded to decay,  
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminat—  
That time will come and take the Rag away:

—This thought is as a death which cannot choose  
But fear to have that which it weeps to loose.

W. T.

## MORE TALK.

TO undertake to produce a magazine for the college during the Summer Term, when everyone thinks either of sport or of examinations, and apparently of nothing else, is an exacting, and withal, an exhausting task. It is unfair of me to mention, it yet I cannot but recall the fate of the last to attempt it. There must be a magazine this term, and I would strongly urge those who disapprove of its shortcomings to indulge in a little constructive activity on its behalf in the future. Not the least of my troubles is a note from the printer to the effect that the copy submitted for this issue does not fill the usual number of pages; hence this burble. The editor of a college magazine is necessarily writing for a small and esoteric public. Add to this limitation the necessity of perpetuating in print the demands of the moment and you will appreciate the position I am in, and perhaps tolerate the talk.

I had thought of writing myself a particularly scathing attack on the gentlemen who sit in the pavilion on Saturday afternoon and, finding the cricket a little slow, for reasons which they, apparently, are unable to perceive, amuse themselves and annoy everyone else by their primitive oracular demonstrations. I would have pointed out how foolish and unprofitable occupation is that of the barracker. The player for whom it is made resents the demonstration heartily, and it is particularly discouraging for those who are susceptible to it. Barracking can serve no useful purpose and the sooner the practice is discontinued the better. However, I have not the pen of a Goldsmith and I set out on this ramble with the ulterior motive of making a few helpful suggestions.

It seems to me that *The West Saxon* might well profit by the informal talks that are given from time to time in the various halls of residence. The presence of a *West Saxon* reporter at such meetings is an urgent need, for much that is interesting and profitable is allowed to slip by, term after term, while many who are willing to contribute to the magazine are racking their brains for subject matter. I am so late in realising this myself that I am as much to blame as anyone. My memory is not good enough for me to give a satisfactory account of any of those at Stoneham, but one does remember odd scraps. We were fortunate last term in hearing Commander Cave-Brown-Cave give us what amounted to a racy and entertaining history of airships in England. Now all I have retained is a few vague impressions of what had seemed previously a barren subject treated from an entirely new point of view. We were given illuminating first-hand information on the pioneer days, airships during the war, and recent developments, improvements and complications. I remember most vividly the thrilling account of the destruction of the R 33 over the Humber, the enthusiastic description of speed trials over the Channel in the R 100, and the wonderful impression of speed to be gained when racing only eighty feet above the clouds. Then again there are aspects from which we would never think of considering the subject. It was, for instance, surprising to be told of locating towns in a fog by looking for black mist in an endless expanse of white. We had not thought of that before. The lighter side of the subject with its inevitable anecdotes was most amusing: one at least is worth recording. We were told that when the R 100 sailed for Windsor to pay tribute to His Majesty the King a pipe feeding oil to one of the engines became clogged. Waste oil accumulated and eventually had to be thrown overboard. A patriotic schoolmistress had meanwhile assembled her class in the playground to watch the passing of the airship, and was rewarded for her pains by a deluge of oil which necessitated a hurried retreat and no little subsequent effort in removing the effects of the shower.

I had intended to give a scrappy account of the most recent and in many ways most interesting of these talks, but the Warden has consented to furnish a few remarks on the

## THE WEST SAXON.

subject. They will be found elsewhere. I do not know whether Professor Cock has been induced to contribute to these pages before, but I shall always consider it a crowning achievement that an article of his appeared in my last issue.

In conclusion I would like to thank all those contributors who have, throughout the year, helped to make *The West Saxon* a success, and to say that we greatly appreciate the interest the staff has taken in this publication.

ED.



### SURVEY CAMP, 1930.

IT may not be generally known in this College that at the commencement of the Easter vacation certain Engineers and Geographers go out into the New Forest, in the chill days of March, to pursue their science.

For the past three years the camp site has been at the Neads about a mile from the village of Dibden Purlieu. Nestling under the edge of the Homey Neads, from our tents we look over the vast expanse of Beaulieu Heath towards Lyndhurst and over King's Hat and Crab Hat towards Beaulieu. But the country is treacherous. Quite close in the valley is a deep bog which effectively bars all communication to the north and west. It is rumoured that the primitive causeway, which crosses the bog near our camp, was built at some time about the beginning of the Great War by a party of students of the College.

Thus in isolation we carry on our labours, some making maps and others planning hypothetical arterial roads and railway-lines to mar the beauty of Hampshire's great Forest. Also this year we planned a great dam across the valley, holding sufficient water to supply a city of the future. However, we do not anticipate the time when survey camp will require such a water supply. It is apparent that such a course as this is invaluable in the training of a civil Engineer, giving him familiarity in the use of the theodolite and other surveying instruments.

This year we were well equipped with a wireless-set and gramophone which helped to pass the long evening which most of us spent in the dim candle-lit interior of the big tent. A forest fire on the second Sunday caused much excitement for several hours; we successfully fought the flames, and have subsequently been commended for our action by the Head Forester.

We were visited this year by Wing-Commander and Mrs. Cave-Brown-Cave who were entertained to lunch. An account of the camp would be incomplete without the mention of our cook, A. E. Carey, and the cook's-mate, and of the enthusiasm and energy of our "chief" Mr. E. Mann.

E. F. NICOLAY.



MISS R-CKS.

"No fountain from its rocky cave  
E'er tripped with foot so free."—*Wordsworth*.

MONDAY, JUNE 15TH.

"Till they fail as I am failing,  
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing."—*Shelley*.

THE LIBRARY.

A SYNOPSIS OF THE ACTIVITIES OF CERTAIN YOUTHS.

There hath long been wanting a full, perfect and sufficient Synopsis of the Activities of Youths in the Library. It is necessary, therefore, to the full development of the said activities that they be brought to such an exposition as that the various categories may be seen at a glance. The Youth, by this means, shall see in what class he may most aptly place himself.

W. T.

A YOUTH MAY BE CONSIDERED AS





## CRICKET, 1931.

**T**HE College cricket devotees (and critics) have had another enjoyable season. We are unable to boast of an unbeaten record (as last season), but the players have proved themselves hard fighters when in a difficult position.

Several matches are worthy of mention. The match against the R.A.F. (Calshot) was one of the most enjoyable fixtures the Club has ever had. The Exeter match was ruined by rain. For over an hour our players fielded in pouring rain, hoping that the match might be concluded. Bristol beat us. Neither our batsmen nor our bowlers came off, and Bristol gained a rather easy victory. Our first fixture against the Hampshire County Club and Ground ended in a draw. This game produced some very fine cricket on both sides, and the College may be proud of their play in this match. Goldsmiths' were beaten, but the peculiarities of their ground seemed to help us more than our opponents.

The standard of individual cricket is fair, but there are a few outstanding players. G. K. Roberts has batted very well; his innings against the Hants C. and G. will be long remembered. His "keeping" also is very sound. E. F. Norman has had to do a lot of bowling, but his energy has never flagged. His bowling against Goldsmiths' (8 for 13) was brilliant. W. J. Coulsy gives promise of being a very fine cricketer. His batting is quite good, and he is an excellent fielder. A. J. Warren has captained the team well.

It has been good to see more enthusiasm for net practice. The foundations of victory are laid in the nets, and by no other means can anyone improve his game. The fielding has been good throughout the season.

The 2nd XI, captained by H. G. Perkins, seems to enjoy itself very much, and has shown great keenness with varied success.

The prospects for next season are doubtful. The batting will be strong, but unless there are one or two good bowlers amongst the freshers, our bowling will be very weak. If these materialise, next season should see a very successful cricket team, especially as we have definitely been promised professional coaching.

B. J. F. M.



## ATHLETICS.

### MEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB.

**T**HE Men's Athletic Club is enjoying a most successful season. So far, no matches have been lost and all successes have been outstanding.

The first match was held at Swaythling against Gosport R.A.F., on Wednesday, May 13th. This took the form of a relay meeting, in which the College were successful in every event except one, and in this, the 2 miles team race, we claim the individual winner.

On Saturday, May 23rd, the team won the championship of the first annual sports meeting of the Hampshire Inter-Collegiate Athletic Association, held at Portsmouth. So great was the margin of points in our favour that we were assured of the honours long before the concluding event. The final placings were :—

University College (Southampton)	. . . 53	points
King Alfred's College (Winchester)	. . . 23	„
Municipal College (Portsmouth)	. . . 10	„
Municipal College (Bournemouth)	. . . 6	„

The meeting was marred by pouring rain almost throughout, and the going was consequently rather heavy. Despite this, some very good times were returned.

The two outstanding athletes were, again, F. Knibbs and C. C. W. Batstone. F. Knibbs (Hampshire 1 mile Champion), won  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile and 1 mile and dead-heated with A. E. Cartwright for first place in 3 miles. C. Batstone (Essex 220 yards Champion), won 100 yards, 220 yards and long jump. K. C. Moore did well in winning both high jump and 120 yards hurdles as consecutive events.

In the Women's events our representatives were quite successful.

The following Saturday at Exeter was almost a repetition of our achievements at Portsmouth. Here, in an Inter-Varsity Triangular meeting between Exeter University College, Bristol University and ourselves, we again won every event except one—the quarter mile. Considering the rather rough conditions of the track the general standard of running was very high. Knibbs and Batstone were again outstanding in their performances; Knibbs winning  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile, 1 mile and 3 miles, and Batstone the 100 yards and 220 yards. E. L. Thackeray won the putting-the-shot and gave a good Exhibition Discus Throw of 97 feet.

The final points were :—

Southampton	. . . 48
Exeter	. . . 29
Bristol	. . . 0

Bristol being unable to bring more than a very few men.

The next meeting took place on Saturday, June 6th at Swaythling. Here, against a very strong team representing Portsmouth Royal Navy and Royal Marines, we were again successful by a margin of 60 points to 35.

We were unfortunate in being unable to attend the U.A.U. contest this season, but our results compare very favourably with the standard set at this meeting.

S. J. V. W.

## THE WEST SAXON.

### TENNIS CLUB NOTES.

**T**ENNIS, this term, has suffered much from the inclemency of the weather, many fixtures having been cancelled and matches unfinished. When the weather has permitted, however, the teams have enjoyed fair success.

Two juniors have obtained places in the first team and have creditably filled the places of those who went down last year. Blackburn, especially, has showed good form and has fully justified his inclusion in the first men's pair. The women's team has suffered much from potential first-teamers dropping out, owing to work or to the charms of some rival summer sports.

Up to date, the most interesting and important match was played against our especial rivals, Exeter University College. Adverse weather unfortunately prevented play for our women, but the men had a very exciting struggle. The Exeter men had already beaten Bristol University 5-4 at Bristol, and seemed rather confident of success against us. Undismayed by the cosmopolitan nature of the Exeter team (which included along with one Englishman, a Siamese, an Irishman, a Welshman and two Germans) our team put up a good fight, and only after our second and third pairs had both just narrowly escaped victory in their last two matches did we lose by the narrow margin of 4-5.

The first team's score-card up to the present reads :

Played 7 ; Won 3 ; Lost 2 ; Unfinished 2

The Tennis Club has met with an unexpected piece of good fortune this term in the presentation of two Cups. Mrs. Vickers was very kindly presented one to be held by the woman single's champion for the year, and Professor Lyttel has done the same for the men. The Tennis Club thus gladly avails itself of this opportunity of publicly thanking these two generous patrons.

S. C.

### BOAT CLUB NOTES

**T**HIS term the Boat Club has maintained its general health and spirits. An atmosphere of gentle yet persistent criticism and of praiseworthy enthusiasm has induced an all round improvement. There have been three main events. The first was at Bristol. We lost to the Bristol University 1st VIII by just over a length. There were two unfortunate incidents, one of which was a rainstorm. At Evesham Regatta we entered two fours. We achieved a fair success, as the 1st Four got through to the third round. Our other event was noteworthy, as it included our first races on home waters. The growth of the Club is shown by the fact that we then put five racing crews on the water. There was a race between our fourth and fifth crews, the 1st Four beat the newly formed Southampton B.C., and the 2nd and 3rd crews paid off an old score by beating the Coalporters' R.C. Junior and Novice crews. A happy event is about to take place in our family. Anybody caring to visit our Home for Boats next term will notice the arrival of a nice new eight from Auntie Margaret of Cambridge. We hope she will prove a fit sister for the "Octapod" and the "Submarine." We are thinking of calling her "Randal." Finally, if we manage to infect as many Juniors next year with the rowing bug as we anticipate, we shall have an even more successful season than this present one.

D. S. M.

## ATHLETICS.

### WOMEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB.

**A**LTHOUGH as yet the Club as had no actual matches, there has been no inactivity on the part of the members. Representatives have taken part in the Hampshire Inter-Collegiate Athletic Contest, securing a first position and two seconds, and also in an Open Relay, in which second place was obtained.

Several matches are to take place towards the end of the term, and those awaited with particular interest are against Bristol University and Goldsmiths' College. We have, as a new Club, been rather handicapped by a small membership this year, but with an increase in numerical strength we anticipate success in the future. There can be no increase in keenness.

B. B.

### MEN'S SWIMMING CLUB.

**T**HE Swimming Club, one of the babies of the Athletic Union, is proving itself a healthy child. An unbeaten record has been maintained (for two seasons).

Thanks to increasing interest and support, especially among the Juniors, we were able to repeat last year's decisive victories over Reading University and Winchester Training College. Exeter were also defeated comfortably, and we drew against Goldsmith's College, in spite of disturbing rumours concerning their strength. Unfortunately, a triangular match at Bristol to include Exeter did not take place, owing to a last minute change of date by Bristol.

We have yet to win a polo match, but on the other hand we have yet to lose one. To force a draw (4—4) against Pirelli's S.C. was a creditable performance, in view of the fact that it was the first game several members of the team had ever played. The result of the Goldsmith's polo was also a draw (1—1). It is hoped, however, to alter this in our favour in the return match.

E. S. C.





#### U.C.S. ROVERS.

**W**E are often asked, when in uniform, "What do you do?" Well, here in brief, is what we have done. In addition to the weekly lunch-hour meetings on Thursdays, seven Rovers were entered for Part I of the Scouter's Wood Badge Course, which is the theoretical paper in three studies. Two received their certificates and five also ran! Then, with a view to the work with troops in the future, two model troop meetings were arranged, and the game of "Scouting for Boys" was really tried out.

This Whitsun seven of the crew crossed to the Isle of Wight for a week-end camp. The trek-cart of last Whitsun was dispensed with and two-day hikes were made from the standing camp at St. Laurence, one westward to Niton, with an inspection of St. Catherine's lighthouse and the recent landslide, and the other over St. Boniface Down to Shanklin and the Landslip. The beauty of the Undercliff and the camping in general was enjoyed by all, in spite of the fact that for half the time it was raining.

As most of the Rovers are active participants in the sports and other College activities, this is counted for service in the crew's standard of Rovering. But some help is also given to the Dockland Settlement Troop and the 14th Southampton. It is promising to note that the strength of the crew at the end of 1929-30 session was seven, and at the end of this season it will be fourteen active members. Three of the seven will be leaving us this July: Rovers A. E. Cartwright, L. Burbridge, and Bentley, who have given a very loyal backing, especially A. E. Cartwright as secretary.

The aim which we have in mind "Rovering" during College days is to give a hearty welcome to "keen" scouts upon their entry, and to offer some scouting experience which will be valuable for troop work in the future.

P. R. B.

#### S.C.M.

**T**HE Student Christian Movement, we hope, has been true to its name this session and has "moved." In what direction and to what extent is not for us to say.

The aim before us has been to study the Christian faith and its bearing upon the many aspects of life as presented to us in College. Six general meetings were held, at

## UNIONS AND SOCIETIES.

which the subjects were arranged to throw some light upon the relation of Christ to the University, to social questions of to-day, to worship, to the needs of India, and the mission field in general. We have enjoyed the visits of the S.C.M. Secretaries to speak at these meetings.

The devotional meetings have kept up a fair average attendance on Wednesday mornings and Friday lunch-hours.

Study circles have been working on Gospel and social problems in Highfield, Old Highfield, and South Stoneham House. One can only "move" in religious experience whether intellectually or spiritually, by giving thought and study to the consideration of the fundamentals of Faith. This the S.C.M. realises, and extends a hearty welcome to all in the coming session to join the study circles, where all can contribute and perhaps learn something.

The result of Finance Week was £10, for which the students in general are to be thanked for their support in the various efforts. Five members are going to Swanwick this year. We had hoped for more, but circumstances are rather against us.

P. R. B.

## THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



THIS year the Geographical Society has launched out—we venture to think with success—on a new policy. Instead of making the summer term almost a "close season," the society has been unusually active this term.

As evenings are too fine to be spent indoors, several morning meetings have been held. Professor Rishbeth has given a series of three lectures, illustrated by some wonderful slides, on the Mediterranean area. These lectures, besides being of general interest, have provided excellent revision of this important region for those taking exams. this term.

Professor Rishbeth is giving a short series of similar lectures on the Himalayas during the next few weeks.

At another morning meeting, Mr. E. Haddon, of Cambridge, showed some cinematograph films of the Canary Islands, whence he had just returned. One film, in colour, illustrated a new process of colour cinematography.

The society has also held several afternoon "outings." One of these, a visit to the *Empress of Britain* is dealt with elsewhere.

Rambles, offering facilities for field work, have formed a new feature of our activities. These meetings have not been very well attended, but have proved most enjoyable to those taking part. In modern geography field work is taking greater and greater prominence, and we are exceptionally fortunate in having such admirable country so close at hand. It is to be hoped that in future more members will avail themselves of these opportunities of combining business with pleasure.

C. R. P. D.

## THE WEST SAXON.

### BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

**D**URING the three years of its existence, the Biological Society has been steadily evolving to a position of importance. It now stands as one of the most active societies in College. It is quickly reaching the zenith of its growth into prominence, and is beginning to settle down under true recognition of its appeal and worth as a student organisation.

Under the first Student Presidency of Mr. M. J. Glenn it has, this session, proved its efficiency, fully justified its aims, and in many ways attained its ambitions.

The majority of its lectures have been conducted by students. Outstanding among non-student lectures is that of F. T. Brooks, F.R.S., who came down in December to talk on "An African Journey," based on actual experience.

The lectures have been interesting and instructive and of sufficient variety to cater for all members.

The Society hopes for as much popularity in the ensuing session.

S. J. V. W.

### CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY.

**T**HE Choral and Orchestral Society has just brought to a close the most successful season it has experienced. "The Gondoliers," which the Society gave last March, was considered the finest production yet given at College, and although the acting on the whole was of a high order, special mention must be made of the singing of the chorus, the acting of Mr. Kenneth Kenyon as Don Alhambra, and the singing of Mr. Victor Smith as Marco.

A work of a much harder nature was attempted when the Society gave Elgar's "Spirit of England," at the Symphony Concert on May 29th. In the first half of the programme the Chorus sang some delightful glees and part-songs, but its full power was demonstrated in the second half when the "Spirit of England" was sung. The softest passages were sung with grace and feeling, and the tremendous volume required for the loud parts was given without any coarseness. A combined orchestra contributed items, the most impressive of which was Schubert's Symphony in B Minor, although Elgar's "Elevation: Sursum Corda" was played with insight and sympathy. Mr. D. Cecil-Williams again proved himself to be a conductor of the first rank, and his handling of the combined chorus and orchestra, which had had only one full rehearsal previously, was masterful in the extreme. It was interesting to note that although Mr. Williams had scores in front of him, most of the works he conducted from memory.

B. F.



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